

# Children's Sermon

Looking Like Jesus.

By Rev. Stuart Nye Hutchison.

We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. 1 John 3: 2.

Did you ever hear the story of "The great Stone Face?" In one of the states of New England there is a lovely valley, full of towns and villages and farms. Up at the head of the valley there is a gigantic pile of rocks, and as you look at those rocks from the distance they look exactly like a human face. There is a high forehead and clear eyes, and a smiling mouth. It is altogether a very fine, beautiful face. There is a legend connected with that valley, which has come down from the days of the Indians of long ago. The legend said that someday a man would come to that valley, who would be the greatest and the best man of his time, and they would know him because his face would be exactly like that of the stone face.

For a great many years the people watched for someone to come with a face like the face in the rocks. There were many who came whom they thought looked like the image. There was a very rich man whom they heard had a face like it, but when they looked at it closely they found that it was a very selfish face. Then there was a great soldier. He was something like it, but his face was too hard. And there was a statesman. For a long while they thought that perhaps he might be the one, but he too had something in his face that was not in the image.

But one day there was a little child born in the valley. When he could walk his mother took him out and showed him the great stone face away off there at the head of the valley. As the boy grew older he liked to go and watch it. He became a man after a while and built a little cottage, where he could sit in the evening after the work was done and see the stone face. He was a very good man,

gentle and unselfish and thoughtful of others, and everyone loved him. By and by he was an old man. One day there came to the valley a stranger. He had heard about the stone face and wanted to see it. He stopped at the cottage of the old man and they went out together to see it. The stranger looked at the stone face and then at the face of the old man and he saw that they were exactly alike. At last the legend had been fulfilled and a man had lived with a face like that of the stone face, and he was the best man of his time. He had looked at the stone face so often and so long that he had become like it.

This makes us understand, doesn't it, what our text means. Those who think about Jesus, and read about Him, and love Him, will by and by come to be like Him.

We become like the things that we think about and see oftenest. I once heard of a boy who ran away and went to sea. His mother couldn't understand why he had gone. She had never talked about the sea. She did not know that he ever read a book about it. The day after he had gone she went into his room and there she saw something that made her know why he had gone to sea. There was a picture of a ship hanging before his bed. It had been there ever since he was a little boy. It was the first thing that he saw every morning and the last thing that he looked at before he went to sleep at night. He had thought about it and thought about it till he had gone to be a sailor.

This is one reason why we ought to be so careful about our companions, and the books that we read, and the things that we look at and think about. We grow by and by to be like them.

The best thing for any of us to strive for is to be like Jesus, and to be like Him we must think of Him and love and obey Him.

Norfolk, Va.

Dear Presbyterian:—I am a little girl seven years old. I am in the second grade at school. My teacher is my cousin, Laura Barber. I like her fine. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday when it is not too cold or rainy. Cousin K. M. Frye is my Sunday-school teacher. Our pastor is Rev. J. K. Roberts. We like him fine. We don't take your good paper. My Aunt takes it and I like to read the children's letters. I have four brothers and four sisters. I have twenty-seven baby chickens and two little pigs for my pets. As this is my first letter, I hope to see it in your paper. I am your little friend,

Carthage, N. C.

Mary Leta Brady.

## BLUE BUTTON.

Dear Presbyterian:—I am a little girl six years old. I go to school at Brightwood to Miss Norman. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday at Buffalo. My Sunday-school teacher is Miss Vara Wharton. I am on the Blue button side. My brother is too. I am in the second grade. I hope you will print my letter.

From your little friend,

Brown Summit, N. C.

Louise Sellers.

The universal desire for happiness finds abundant warrant in the Bible, which might justly be called a guide-book to joy.

## WHEN THE CHILDREN HELPED.

By Emilie Henderson.

It was mother's busy day. "I need a dozen pairs of hands this forenoon," she sighed.

"Let us help?" cried Edith.

"Oh, do!" chimed in the other children. It was baking day, and it would be such fun to cut out the cookies. Even Baby Ruth felt sure that she could make "tookies," as she called them.

But mother only laughed. "Run away now and play," she urged.

"I'll tell you how we might help," proposed Edith, when the four children were alone. "Let us stay in this room and not ask mother a single question all morning. You know, grandmother won't get her present on her birthday if mother doesn't finish it this forenoon."

"All right," agreed Norman. "Now, all remember."

Soon the children were deep in their games, but it was surprising how often mother was wanted. When they played riding on the cars, Norman remembered that mother had the little bell with which he rang up fares. He must surely get along without it, even if this did spoil half of his fun.

When the game was school, the bell was needed again. And where was the little blackboard? Mother knew, of course. It would take only a minute for her to get it. But again she was not bothered.

Then the odor of fresh cookies stole into the room. "I'm going to get a cooky," announced Bobbet.

"No, mother mustn't be bothered," declared Edith.

"It wouldn't take a minute for her to get me a cooky," Bobbet insisted; "and I'm 'most starved!"

"I think we use a good many minutes," Edith answered. "How many questions have we wanted to ask her this morning?"

"About a hundred," Bobbet said.

"You must play fair, Bobbet," Norman reminded him. And the thought of the cooky was given up.

The forenoon was almost gone and still no one had left the room. Norman was telling a story now. "Jingle! jingle! jingle!" sounded sleigh bells outside, but no one noticed. Bells had been jingling all morning.

"Chickadee-dee-dee!" twittered a bird near the window. Still no one heard.

"Jingle! jingle!" again. And this time four little people sprang up and ran to the window, for the jingling had suddenly stopped.

Before the door stood a new double sleigh, piled with warm robes. Whose could it be?

In a moment they knew, and went noisily to greet Uncle Robert.

"I've come to take you and your mother out to grandmother's for her birthday dinner," he announced.

There were shouts of joy. And mother, who had entered the room, answered, "Why, that will be fine. I just now finished my work and wrapped up grandmother's present. You see," she smiled, "I've had four little helpers this morning or I shouldn't have been through for a long time."

And four eager children ran pell-mell for their wraps their hearts warm with the thought that they really had helped.—Sunbeam.

Nothing so clearly discovers a spiritual man as his treatment of an erring brother, when our object is to bring about, not his exposure, but his acquittal, and rather to restore than to upbraid him.—Augustine.

## Children's Letters

### ONLY A LITTLE GIRL.

I am only a little girl  
Just twelve years old, you see,  
But I can work for Jesus  
And like Him try to be.

He loves all little children  
And gathers them close to His breast  
When one of them is sinful  
Jesus is always distressed.

We can each one work for Jesus—  
Through every day and hour  
And tell each other of His love  
And His great saving power.

We should not forget our Saviour  
No matter where we go,  
We should always work for Him  
And love Him more and more.

Jesus gave His precious blood  
That we might from sin be free,  
He died upon Calvary's cross,  
Where they nailed him to the tree.

We should give our lives to Him  
And help save each soul we can,  
So that when we leave this sinful earth  
We will join His happy band.

Rosa Frances Brooks.  
Age Twelve Years.

Geneva, Ga.